Unforgettable

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by dancey94

Summary

Hannibal's short notes after being incarcerated.

I miss the sun. If there was something that I could change, it would be the view. Although the close space around me is not unpleasant, I wouldn't mind seeing the trees grow and the nature go through a full circle of life as the seasons change.

There is plenty of articles about the trial but the only thing that I remember are the faces of people attending and Will's scent. He sat in a fair distance, feigning indifference or even disgust, most probably to appear more pleasant and acceptable to the public eye.

Truthfully, I was half-expecting him to reject me. Although ready to commit great acts, Will followed the easier path, filled with lies, pretending and playing a part in someone else's scheme. I wonder how it will end and what life will he lead now that I'm officially gone from his life.

* * *

One would expect that the cell, even though elegant and redesigned for capturing purposes, provides a prisoner solitude. Nothing more wrong. People come here and ask me banal questions to which they either know the answers or answering them would not make them wiser. Candidates for terrible psychiatrists, medical students, grasping second-raters – they all visit to see a caged animal. It's a delight to see their expression when all they can see is a seemingly ordinary man reading a book.

I draw a lot. I give some of my visitors sketches, mostly the ones who are particularly tiring. There was one promising doctor or psychiatry who came to ask for a recipe. He said he wasn't interested in me as all that was to examine was already stated but he did not believe it was true. His indeterminacy impressed me but he never visited again.

* * *

All I have is time. Although the waiting is slowly burning the cells in my body, letting it gradually rot, I remain untouched and hopeful.

I keep asking Alana about Will but she said she lost touch with him. And there are so many words I would like him to hear. I only fear that when he visits, I will forget them all.

* * *

The books and articles engage me. I read about myself in the papers and sigh with contempt for the people who undertake the most difficult task as a psychiatrist – they try to define everything around them, the whole world, the people, the serial killers. They want to profile me and fail spectacularly, making up lies to support their theses.

One journalist came and tried to interview me. He asked tricky questions, hoping to learns something new, something that hasn't been published. The questions were vague and vulgar. I watched him lick his pen when he asked me about lack of friends and women in here. His innuendos were abhorrent and I stopped listening at some point. It wasn't until he mentioned Alana when I left my memory palace. I wanted to spare her the inconvenience but then again,

I was curious what he would aim at. His name was Barry, I believe. I find it unnecessary to remember their names. No one was rude enough to be worthy of visiting if I was ever given a chance.

And so he accused me, funny how he took it as a bad thing, that I was bisexual or homosexual.

* * *

I follow his life in the newspapers. He sold his house. He moved. That's all I know.

He moved. Did he move on? Will he ever?

I won't deny it hurt me to know he sold his house. I quite liked him. It feels as if it was the place we would end up after every quarrel.

His house was his fortress and I was allowed entrance. It was intimate, as if I was entering himself, as if I was offered a glimpse of the most hidden part. I can remember the smell, mostly of the dogs, and his presence written on the walls. The screams from his nightmares filled the space and his fear flooded the room. And now he sold it. He sold a part of himself he wished to disappear. But to do that, he'd have to kill me. He'd have to cut out a part of his brain where he holds the most dear things in his life.

He cannot do that. So he sold the house.

* * *

I promised myself to last a year. We've been apart before. I had not seen him for eight months after he betrayed me.

It hurt and I was lonesome, even when I was with Bedelia and surrounded by the most beautiful art. The city of Florence did not compensate for the lack of Will by my side. I believe that is what he feels right now. Whether he found himself a bride and settled in a picturesque place, he must feel lonely. He must be suffering every second he's away from me.

Maybe he tells himself that's for the best. He probably does. He has probably got used to the idea of me not being there anymore. After all, he was the one who rejected me. He ended something so beautiful with a twist of the knife in my stomach. With a few words, that I don't believe were true. Did he? Did he mean it?

* * *

I write journals and articles. Nothing personal. Nothing that could lead them to believe they know me. The only thing that scratches the surface are these notes. But I don't want to abuse my privacy. I only want a sentence or two, just in case.

The rest I store in my memory palace. There are all of my writings and drawings. Alana has been courteous and offered me books and all pleasantries that no other prisoner have. Yet, the glass and being constantly observed makes me feel like I'm not a prisoner at all.

I gradually forget Will's voice. It mixes up with my own in my head and I can't stop it from blurring. He's still very much alive in me but I can't help but weep after my loss.

I remain open to new experiences if I were given the opportunity.

* * *

I would not have thought of giving myself a different name, especially not one so symbolic. The Great Red Dragon has planted his feet on earth and I suspect it's only a matter of time now when Jack knocks on Will's door. Will he agree to return? Will he step in the Dragon's shoes and come straight to my cell?

I wrote him a letter, warning him against returning to the dark side. Although I miss him enormously, I would not be able to watch him struggle with his demons and not having me close. It's both selfish and selfless.

Madness is waiting for him, ready to be embraced, but will he accept it?

* * *

Strange. Time possesses the feature of only going forward. As much as I wish to reverse it, the method has not been invented. Yet, there he was. In front of my eyes again, after three years.

And time seemed to stop. It seemed to have stopped when we split that day in his house. He has not changed that much. His hair was neatly combed, the stubble remained untouched. His whole person frozen in time and space. Just as I remembered him.

The sample of his voice has to suffice to let me recover all the words we've ever exchanged.

He was standing on the other side of the glass, engulfed in the dark. I couldn't see him clearly but I know that with time, as he keeps visiting me, I will recover his image. With me he is complete. Or rather, with him I am complete.

* * *

I knew Alana would not be pleased. I knew she would not go for any compromises. So I had to be quick and smart. This one piece of paper and the one pencil have to be enough. Though the comfort of my cell has decreased, I managed to save this one piece. Now I have to hold on to it. As I have to hold on to the sound of Will's voice.

* * *

Boredom was what kept killing me in this cell until the Dragon appeared. Now, with Jack, Alana, Frederick and Will returning to me I am needed again. I am valuable for their plan. I am valuable to the Dragon.

They believe I do what I do for my own purpose, for tickling my own ego, for amusement. All true and nothing true.

I expect a moment when they will want to use me to their advantage with no prospect for me to stay alive and well. I will not reject them, as they once rejected me. If only I were offered one more time with Will. If only we could turn it to our advantage.

They all believe they have it under control. But they had it under control once. I let them believe they were in control of what was happening. And it all led to this.

* * *

It's settled. Will has asked me to be the bait. The cunning boy I admire showed himself. Pure and with a grin of the devil himself. He reminds me of Dorian Gray. His innocent face does not reveal the true colours of his soul. He has not got sins written all over his face.

Wrong. He wears the scar I gave him. He does not seem to be in any way offended by it. Quite the opposite – he wears it with pride. Is he proud of having survived me or is he proud of being marked by me? After all, this is a sign of belonging.

We could not be more equal, with scars and memories imprinted on our bodies and minds. We could not be more connected.

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